

Module Three

*First Week
of the
Exercises*

READ

⇒ Pages 81-114 of 'The Ignatian Adventure' by Kevin O'Brien SJ

Gitanjali

I Ask for a Moments Indulgence

Rabindranath Tagore

I ask for a moment's indulgence to sit by thy side. The works that I have in hand I will finish afterwards.

Away from the sight of thy face my heart knows no rest nor respite, and my work becomes an endless toil in a shoreless sea of toil.

Today the summer has come at my window with its sighs and murmurs; and the bees are playing their minstrelsy at the court of the flowering grove. Now it is time to sit quiet, face to face with thee, and to sing dedication of life in this silent and overflowing leisure.

MAXIMS

Maxim 1: Objectification is partial vision, subjectulation is beatific vision.

Maxim 2: Receptivity is an experience of personal poverty. God reverences our resistances especially those flowing from past personal experiences of that poverty.



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The Summer Day

Who made the world?

Who made the swan, and the black bear?

Who made the grasshopper?

This grasshopper, I mean--

the one who has flung herself out of the grass,

the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,

who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down--

who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.

Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.

Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.

I don't know exactly what a prayer is.

*I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down into the grass, how to
kneel down in the grass, how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through
the fields, which is what I have been doing all day.*

Tell me, what else should I have done?

Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?

Tell me, what is it you plan to do

with your one wild and precious life?

Poem: "The Summer Day" by Mary Oliver, from House of Light. (c) Beacon Press, 1992. Reprinted with permission.